

Still Having Fun by AMKelley

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Summary: Patrick gets busted in a park after hours and is brought into the police station. Luckily, Butch is there to teach the young offender a lesson in obeying the law.

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Warning(s): AU, PWP, sexual content, underage, spanking, fingering, homophobic/derogatory language, mildly dubious consent, handcuffs, dirty talk

It was stupid how Patrick got here in the first place.

He was currently down at the police station handcuffed in one of the interrogation rooms, waiting for a police officer to come in and bust his ass and all he could do was bide his time. Patrick planted his elbows on the cold metal table and idly chewed on his nails as he looked around the pretty vacant room. It wasn't a typical interrogation room because there wasn't a two way mirror, but it was all an awful off white color with various questionable stains on the walls. The only thing that really brought any levity to the room was the tacky *Hang In There* poster with a cat dangling from a branch on the wall near the door.

The poster itself made Patrick want to claw his own eyes out. He'd much rather the room be completely bare to be quite honest because staring at a little furball clinging to a life line was torture enough. Also, there wasn't a clock in the room which really fucked with Patrick. He could have been waiting here for an hour or ten minutes and he wouldn't know the difference. It was like waiting your turn at the doctor's office, it was so excruciating. Patrick just wanted to get lectured and leave.

Patrick was working on his thumb nail when the door clicked open and drew his undivided attention towards the turning knob. The whole situation wasn't something to be excited about but now that something was *finally* happening Patrick couldn't help it when he perked up like an inquisitive puppy hearing a new sound or word for the first time. He stuffed his handcuffed hands back into lap and sat up straight as Butch Bowers entered the room.

"Shit," Patrick hissed under his breath.

He hadn't expected to see Henry's dad working *this* late because he

almost never fucking did. Butch liked to spend his nights drinking and tormenting his son to the point where Henry lashed out at other people. The fact that Officer Bowers was the one coming to lecture Patrick changed everything. Butch swore up and down that Patrick was a bad influence on Henry and was the sole reason why he was such a little punk when the reality was that Henry was fucked up because of the abuse suffered at the hands of his own dad.

That wasn't up for debate, however. This was all about Patrick and how he screwed up for the hundredth time. It wasn't his first run in with the law, and probably wouldn't be his last, but he's never faced severe consequences on account of being a minor. Now he was seventeen and on the precipice of being an adult which meant he could be tried as an adult and he could be in serious trouble. He hadn't thought about that when they caught him in the park.

Then again, Patrick had been confident that he *wouldn't* get caught yet here he was with a very *agitated* and *unamused* Butch Bowers slamming the door behind him and locking it. Patrick hated the way it made him jump. It made him appear weak. He thought Butch might have smiled at Patrick's nervousness but the older man remained placid and stoic, scowling even. It's like he was offended by the sight of Patrick alone which, I don't know, maybe should have made Patrick proud but now was not the time nor place to start cracking a smirk.

Especially since Butch had his gun in his holster on one hip and a nightstick on the other. It's like *would you rather get the shit beaten out of you or get shot?* That's one question Patrick hoped Officer Bowers wouldn't ask him during the interrogation.

Butch wasn't the one who arrested Patrick, but he was the one now having to deal with the juvenile delinquent. Butch wasn't usually around whenever Patrick was brought in, but he read the kid's record and knew his fuck ups were a mile long with something new each time. Vandalism, shoplifting, trespassing, property damage, assault, public intoxication... You name it and Patrick has most likely did it. Butch didn't know whether to be impressed or disgusted that this little shit was always getting away with a slap on the wrist when what he really deserved was a good ass beating.

Butch liked the idea of Patrick breaking down and crying after his ass has been beaten red and irritated. He probably hasn't been spanked since he was a child, if ever, and Butch entertained the idea of being the one to finally tan his hide. But seeing the dubious look on Patrick's face was just as well. All wide-eyed and defenseless like a frightened deer. Still, he didn't look away from Butch nor did he tremble like a coward like Henry might if he was caught breaking the law.

"Why am I not surprised?" Butch asked rhetorically, crossing his arms over his chest disapprovingly.

"I didn't do anything wrong," Patrick lied, acting like he had a pair.

"Don't you talk while I'm talking you little punk!" Butch barked, pointing a finger at Patrick from across the table. "And bullshit you didn't! Officer Nell told me all about what you were doing out at that park."

"Then why are you wasting my time? Let me go," Patrick argued, testing Officer Bowers' patience which was practically nonexistent.

"I'm the officer here you shitbird and you get to leave when *I* let you," Butch reminded, laying down the law as it were.

If it were his son Butch would've already slapped him across the face for even raising his voice ever so slightly, but Patrick wasn't Henry and he couldn't have him leaving the station with a bloody nose or black eye. Patrick must know this since he seemed so comfortable with challenging Butch's authority. Maybe the teen was hoping he would lash out as a sort of reverse psychology. Patrick was infamous for playing the victim card whenever he found himself cornered in a dicey situation.

"Now cut the bullshit and start talking."

"What's there to talk about? You already know what I did, right?" Patrick questioned, leaning back in his chair and kicking out his legs beneath the table. Bored.

"But I want to hear it from you," Butch clarified.

"I was loitering after curfew. So what?" Patrick deflected nonchalantly.

"And?"

"And that's it. End of story."

"That's not what I heard."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, now stop being a smart ass and tell me the truth."

Butch was starting to get frustrated with Patrick's insistence on prolonging the situation even when *he* was the one who wanted this to end already. It's like the kid thrived off of annoying people to their breaking point.

"This is so fucking stupid," Patrick scoffed, shaking his head as he looked away from Officer Bowers. "I wanna talk to Officer Nell, seeing as how *he* was the one who arrested me."

"You're dealing with me now and you'll do as I say," Butch threatened, raising his voice even more as if to drive home the point that he was the one in control of the situation. "Unless you want to stay the night here I suggest you start talking."

"Okay, okay!" Patrick relented, sounding like petulant child. "I was trying to score a gram of coke, but Officer Numbnutes scared the guy off."

"And what were you going to do with it?"

"I'm not a fucking junkie," Patrick swore, scowling a little as he got defensive.

"You didn't answer my question," Butch followed up.

"I was getting it for a friend, alright?"

"Who?"

"It doesn't matter."

"Seeing as how your ass is on the line, I'd say it does."

"I'm not a snitch," Patrick claimed, fixing Officer Bowers with a resolute and unwavering gaze.

"I'm not *this*, I'm not *that*," Butch mocked, starting to pace back and forth in front of the table Patrick sat at. "You could be the goddamn Queen of England for all I care. You still broke the law and that don't mean you're getting off the hook."

Patrick was unmoved by Butch's threats and the ever increasing volume of his voice. It didn't mean that Butch didn't scare him because he kind of did. But Patrick was in the safety of the police station with other officers around to keep Butch from laying a hand on him. Butch was really getting agitated now since Patrick was barely cooperating and he had half a mind to say fuck it and take his badge off so he could kick this kid's ass with a clean conscience. Instead, he stuck to his duties and brought up his next question.

"How did you plan to pay for these drugs?" Butch inquired, getting Patrick's attention back on him.

"Kind of answers itself doesn't it?" Patrick replied like a know-it-all brat.

"Funny considering that when they brought you in and took all of your personal effects Officer Nell noted that your wallet was empty," Butch surmised, pleased when he saw Patrick's little smirk slowly leave his face. "Tell me, how do you pay a man without any money?"

"Is that a riddle or something?" Patrick scoffed.

"Humor me," Butch deadpanned.

"If I didn't know any better, Officer Bowers, I'd say you're trying to imply something," Patrick observed, batting his lashes and trying to play dumb.

"Let's just say I wouldn't put it past you if you're whoring yourself to buy illegal substances," Butch said, hitting the nail on the head when

he noticed Patrick smirk and roll his eyes.

"Are you just here to criticize me or is there an actual point to this?" Patrick sighed, getting huffy.

"Why don't you go ahead and stand up for me," Butch ordered.

It wasn't a request or a suggestion because Butch didn't pose it as a question. Patrick squinted at Officer Bowers who just stood there with his arms over his chest as if he was all business.

"Why?" Patrick asked with suspicion.

"Because I'm the cop and you're the fuck up," Butch asserted in a strong tone. He slammed his fist on the table, jostling Patrick out of his angst teen routine and leaned over to get in the boy's face. "Now cut the crap and get your scrawny ass out of that damn chair!"

Patrick pushed himself away from the table, making the legs of the chair screech across the linoleum, and fixed Butch a spiteful gaze. He got up onto his feet, revealing that he was still handcuffed, and heaved out a sigh like he was just told to clean up his room. Patrick shrugged and made gesture as if to say *happy now?*, still going the extra mile to be as snotty as possible.

Butch walked around to the other side of the table, Patrick watching him the whole time, and put his hands on the boy. He started to feel up Patrick, patting around his waist until he started to grope the teen's ass through his black jeans. Patrick startled and jerked away from Butch instinctively, gasping in shock and pretending to be mildly offended.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Patrick squawked, whipping around to face Officer Bowers with a perplexed expression.

"I'm strip searching you."

"Officer Nell already searched me. I have nothing on me," Patrick argued, trying to use his bound hands to protect himself.

"That also entails a *cavity search*," Butch went on to explain, eying Patrick up and down with a long sweeping gaze. "More often than not

people found purchasing illegal substances usually tend to hide stuff where the sun don't shine."

"I already told you *pigs* you scared the guy off before I could even score," Patrick tried protest but his excuses went unacknowledged.

"I'm still going to have to search you more *thoroughly*," Butch insisted. He grabbed Patrick by the shoulders and spun him around, pushing him down against the tabletop. "Now shut your mouth and let me do my job."

Butch wasted no time in reaching in front of Patrick's waist and undoing his jeans. He yanked Patrick's pants down, noting that the kid wasn't even wearing underwear, and exposed his rear end. Butch muttered *whore* under his breath and shook his head in disgust. Patrick gasped when the air hit his hot skin and his shamefully erect cock nudged into the edge of the cold metal table. Patrick hadn't even realized he was hard up until now, but seeing as how he was cock blocked earlier while he was trying score, it didn't surprise him that he was aroused again.

The older man peered down at the teen, taking in the sight of smooth pale skin covered in goosebumps. Patrick had his arms extended out in front of him across the table, the metal of the handcuffs rattling against the surface as he tested their integrity. He wasn't getting free any time soon, ultimately leaving him at the mercy of Officer Bowers. He wasn't sure whether to be scared or turned on by that.

"Spread your legs," Butch issued, voice firm and demanding.

Patrick did as he was told, shuffling back and forth awkwardly until his cheeks spread apart and exposed his entrance to the officer. He waited in anticipation, hearing Butch rustle behind him for a brief moment before he finally felt a hand pushing one cheek aside to reveal his pink hole further. Patrick wondered where Butch's other hand was until he felt a finger pressing inside him. It was so sudden that Patrick tensed up and denied Butch entry.

"Aren't you supposed to, I don't know, use something before you go poking around in there?" Patrick gasped when Officer Bowers still tried to breach him.

"What makes you think you deserve it?"

Before Patrick could respond, Butch slapped him harshly on the ass making Patrick jump from the impact. Butch did spare the teen a little when he sucked on his finger, coating it in a liberal amount of saliva, before attempting to penetrate him once again. This time the resistance of Patrick's body gave way and slid inside. Not entirely smooth, jagged really, but it did help a bit. Patrick groaned low in his throat when the first finger pushed its way in but accepted it.

Patrick felt Butch feeling around inside of his channel, wiggling his finger slightly as he pretended to actively search for incriminating evidence. Patrick was so tight and the saliva wasn't enough to shift the teen's insides around enough to properly check him, so Butch pulled out and kneeled down behind Patrick instead. The older man lapped and spit on Patrick's hole until it was wet enough to his liking, all while making Patrick moan enthusiastically.

It didn't last long but Patrick appreciated every little probing lick and swirl of Butch Bowers' hot salivating tongue. He tried to wiggle against Butch's face to get him in further but was stopped by a firm smack each time. That only seemed to spur Patrick on even more, prompting him to do it more frequently until Butch rose up on his feet once again. This time he sucked on two of his fingers, taking his time to make sure they were wet enough before plunging them into Patrick.

This initial breach made Patrick call out from how rough the inward shove was and how quickly his muscles had to accommodate the added pressure, but his gasps slowly ebbed away into low whines. Officer Bowers still had his hand on one of Patrick's cheeks, prying him open to watch that pink little hole ripple and grip his calloused digits. It was unlike anything he'd ever seen or felt and Butch couldn't remember a chick feeling *this* tight before.

He began to wiggle his fingers again, feeling around the hot, moist walls of Patrick ass as he delved inside deeper. Butch's fingers scissored lightly, stretching Patrick open further and trying to coax the muscles into relaxing. Below him, Patrick was groaning and whimpering both in delight and agony, causing Butch to smirk. He started to thrust his fingers in and out of Patrick, attempting to go as

deep as he could whilst also fucking Patrick with his hand.

"How does that feel?" Butch inquired, half taunting and half genuinely curious.

"A little uncomfortable," Patrick admitted with a soft groan.

"You're lucky enough to have my spit ease the way. After the shit you pulled tonight," Butch scolded, slapping Patrick on the ass with his free hand as he twisted his fingers. "Breaking curfew, intent to buy illegal substances, acting like a brat, and strutting your ass around for any man to take advantage of. Your *type* disgusts me."

"I gotta get what I want somehow," Patrick commented, raising up on his elbows to look back at Butch over his shoulder. "And if I have to suck cock or get fucked, so what? I'm still having fun either way."

"Is this fun enough for you?" Butch inquired, thrusting his fingers deep inside Patrick and curving them to make the boy call out shortly.

"Most fun I've had all week," Patrick groaned, pushing himself further into Butch's contact.

That was how Patrick begged. He taunted and arched himself closer to what was making him feel good and hoped the person got the hint. Luckily, Officer Bowers was keen enough to put two and two together. He roughly shoved the two digits into Patrick as the teen rocked back to meet him halfway every other time. It still left a little discomfort but Patrick was embracing it and letting himself get lost in the sensation of Butch Bowers fingerfucking him in one of the interrogation rooms while being slapped harshly on the ass.

Each time Butch's hand came down against one of his cheeks Patrick let out a soft *mmm* of approval, loving the itchy burning sting it left behind. Patrick would have trouble sitting for a few days after this since Butch was so rough, but he enjoyed every moment of it. He had been hesitant at first, assuming Butch would just forget he was an officer of the law and beat him within an inch of his life, but now that he knew this was the game Butch wanted to play he was on board.

"I swear to God all you queers are the same. You run your mouth like you're hot shit and spread your legs for the first cock you can get ahold of," Butch admonished, tone harsh and cruel.

"You sound like you have experience," Patrick deduced. "You got something you wanna tell me?"

"I ain't a fucking homo," Butch cursed, bringing his hand down harder than ever on Patrick's left cheek.

This drew out a surprised yelp from Patrick and it stung so much that his eyes burned a little with the beginnings of a tear forming at one corner. Anyone else with a little dignity or respect for themselves would be offended by Butch's words, but Patrick had no illusions about himself. He didn't care what people called him. It was true, so why try and deny it? Besides, he got off on it a little. He wouldn't outright own up to it, but actions speak louder than words.

This made Butch finger Patrick even harder, scissoring him open to the point where the muscles were pulled taught around them. Patrick's thighs were trembling and he whimpered when he felt his hole being stretched to the limit. It's not like he hasn't been fucked before, because he has plenty of times, but Butch wasn't the most gentle guy and spit only went so far. Patrick was still hard though and leaking precome like it's the end of the world. He can even feel a string of precome dripping from the tip of his cock all the way down to the ground.

"Look at you," Butch admonished. He groped at Patrick's ass, pushing a cheek aside to see his fingers disappearing and reappearing in a twisting motion. "Filthy little slut just begging for a cock to fuck that dirty hole. Were you going to fuck that dealer tonight?"

"If he wanted my ass? Yeah, I would have," Patrick admitted without shame.

"*Whore*," Butch spat, hitting Patrick across the ass sharply. "You really don't care where it is, do you? Your room, the park, here... I bet you can't even remember half the guys you've screwed."

"Maybe not by their face," Patrick cracked, huffing out a laugh that

was ultimately cut off by another harsh swat to his ass. "Why do you even care?"

"Because you and every other faggot in this piece of shit town disgusts me."

"You'd be singing a different tune if you had my tight ass on that cock," Patrick boasted, biting his lip as he rocked back on Butch's fingers. "I bet you're hard."

Patrick wasn't wrong either. Butch had been sporting a hard on ever since Patrick started making noises. It also didn't help that Patrick was the most tempting piece of ass Butch has ever laid eyes on. He couldn't really fathom why that was exactly. Maybe because he was young and game for anything really. Maybe it was a forbidden desire of Butch's. It could be his own repressed feelings being brought to the surface even though he tried to combat this with hateful words to discourage Patrick, but it only made Patrick more enthusiastic.

Patrick liked being shamed and, even worse, Butch liked shaming him. Which is why there was no stopping what came next.

Butch undid his work belt that held all of his important shit, gun, nightstick, keys, handcuffs, ammo, and let it clatter to the ground. He continued to fuck Patrick with his fingers as he used his spare hand to unzip his fly and fish his hard cock out. Patrick swayed his ass back and forth when he recognized the sounds coming from behind him and tried to push himself back far enough to feel Butch's cock. Butch indulged the teen and pressed himself against the curve of one of his reddened cheeks and rubbed the column of hot flesh into Patrick.

"That satisfy your curiosity?" Butch inquired. His voice was low a sultry, probably the most gentle tone he's used all night, like he was a lover instead of the abusive low life he normally is. "You want that hard cock in your ass don't you? You're practically begging for it."

"Can't help but feel like it's what I'm owed after Officer Numbnuts cock blocked me."

"But is it what you deserve after what you pulled tonight?" Butch

asked, getting slightly philosophical as he rutted his cock against Patrick. "No... I think I'll just fuck you like this. Maybe that'll teach you a lesson."

"Asshole!" Patrick cursed.

He was so livid that he spit over the gleaming surface of the table a little. This, of course, resulted in another *smack!* that made Patrick's ass blush a nice pink color. Patrick was forced to feel Officer Bowers' cock sliding against him while he was fingerfucked instead. It made him want to throw a tantrum just so he could get his way, but that shit didn't work with Butch. Butch wouldn't have relented either way. He was dead set on making Patrick beg for it.

That never came to fruition anyway since Butch had found something more incriminating while he was fingering Patrick. There was a spongy little bump inside Patrick's ass that, when rubbed against, made the kid cry out in ecstasy. And it wasn't that fake moaning shit you'd get with prostitutes. This was real, earth shattering whimpering that left Patrick shaking. It was so much for Patrick that he was actively trying to get away from the sensation until he was on the tips of his toes and his waist was digging painfully into the edge of the metal table.

His neglected cock was twitching and expelling more of that clear sticky substance as he begged to be fucked already. Not with words, but with his whining. He barely noticed it when Butch pulled away slightly so he could start stroking his own cock. Patrick was nothing more than a moaning mass of incoherent syllables and sensitive nerves as Officer Bowers exploited that one tiny spot inside him. Butch spared no mercy as he rubbed and nudged his prostate with rough calloused fingers either.

Patrick fell forward and threw himself face first into the table, making a *thump* noise when his forehead collided with the surface. The dull pain he got from it was insignificant as he instead moaned helplessly against the cold shiny top. His arms were out in front of him, bony wrists beginning to chafe from the cuffs digging into them, and clawed at the table with blunt chewed nails. All that existed were his pitiful moans and the slick sound of Butch jacking himself off with fervent speed. Everything else just drowned out as he chased the

precipice of his orgasm.

Even when the boy tried to get away from his contact, Butch didn't let up and continued to fuck Patrick with his fingers. It got to the point where the kid was balancing on his toes, causing him to tense further from the strain. All the muscles in his ass and thighs were pulled taut, making Patrick tremble even more. It was enough to make Butch's cock twitch with interest, helping him to reach his climax faster than he would've on his own with a dirty magazine.

Patrick was the first to break, throwing his head back as his cock jerked and spurted his release. He hadn't even touched himself, but the stimulation from Butch was enough to make him coming in long rolling waves. The benefits of being young and virile, he supposed. Patrick found some solace in the idea of Officer Bowers not being able to come untouched like this anymore. Then again, Butch didn't know the joys of playing with himself in this way.

Still, even as Patrick was moaning and panting and shooting his load on the dirty linoleum beneath him, Butch stroked himself to completion shortly soon after. His coordination between his hand became out of sync as he sprayed come all over Patrick's pink ass. He heard Patrick wince and groan whenever his fingers hit his prostate a little too sharply, but it only fueled his orgasm. He figured Patrick was overstimulated right now and any further attention to that particular spot would potentially hurt him, but Butch was beyond caring. *Veni, vidi, vici.*

After Butch was finished coming he pulled his fingers out of Patrick's limp prone body. Patrick sagged against the table and didn't attempt to move. His thighs were on fire from the strain and his ass felt reamed out despite not getting *Fucked*. His cock also ached like he hadn't *properly* came and he supposed that was because he didn't have a chance to stroke himself. It was a sensation akin to blue balls, except he had come and a lot. He was surprised by how much.

On the other side of things, Butch gazed down at Patrick and took in the beautiful sight of his little pink hole now red from abuse and still slightly agape. The thick ropes of come splattered across Patrick's ass was literally the icing on the cake and starkly contrasted with the adorable little blush that had been brought about from spanking.

Patrick didn't exactly break down and *cry* like Butch had hoped, but this was just as effect. The result still had the same effect.

Butch put his softening cock away and zipped himself up. He slapped Patrick on the ass, being mindful to avoid the come there, and cleared his throat.

"Pull your damn pants up," Butch ordered as he clicked his belt back into place.

Patrick slowly clambered off of the table, head hung down and hair hanging in his face. Patrick hadn't even realized his cheeks were wet until he felt strands of hair cling to them. When had he cried? He reached down and slowly pulled his pants up over his abused and soiled ass the best he could with bound hands. He sniffled a little as he finally came down from his orgasmic high and the discomfort began to set in. His insides hurt when he shifted from foot to foot and Officer Bowers' come stung his welted ass as his jeans made his tender skin chafe.

"Turn around."

Patrick complied, trying to hide his face behind his hair. Butch yanked Patrick by the handcuffs, forcing Patrick to stumble forward into him. Butch retrieved his keys and unlocked the handcuffs, freeing Patrick from his binds. He latched the cuffs onto his belt and grabbed Patrick underneath the chin in a rough grip, forcing him into eye contact.

"You learn your lesson?" Butch asked, searching the boy's ruddy, wet face with a hard gaze.

"Yes, Officer Bowers," Patrick replied in a meek voice.

"Not so cocky now are you, you little shit," Butch taunted, taking pleasure in Patrick's newfound compliance.

Patrick was still so dazed that he didn't have enough energy or the capacity to be a snarky brat. Instead, he let Butch bask in his victory. He let go of Patrick's chin and stomped off towards the door to unlock it. When he returned he gripped Patrick by the scruff of his

neck and yanked him in close. Patrick could smell the hint of alcohol on his breath, which wasn't surprising, but it was still enough to make his nostrils burn a little.

"Maybe next time you'll obey the law," Butch said, shoving Patrick away roughly towards the door. "Now get out of here, you make me sick."

Patrick left in a hurry without looking back, thankful that he wasn't in trouble but disappointed because he was left wanting more. He didn't turn back to test his luck and instead navigated his way through the police station. It was like a walk of shame except no one was aware of what had happened in that room with Officer Bowers. He stepped out into the night and let the cold air sober him up. He knew there was a lesson to be learned from all of this, and he should really fear Butch Bowers, but this excited Patrick if nothing else.

Patrick breathed in deeply, smirking a little as he did, and contemplated what law to break next.